

# The Messenger.

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TUESDAY, JUNE 15, 1897.

RELIGIOUS EDITORIALS FOR SUNDAY.

Rev. Hugh Macmillan, LL.D., British, says:

"Faith is a living power; it is the very highest power of life. It is life in its very highest and most powerful exercise."

The Nashville Christian Advocate recently said:

"The pastor who neglects to exclude an incorrigible offender, after having failed in spite of due diligence to bring him to a better state of mind, is weak and irresolute."

Said Rev. D. T. Thomas recently in a sermon on prayer:

"If I wanted a pin and could not find one at hand I would ask God for it."—Exchange.

That is in accord with privilege and duty, for the Bible distinctly says, "pray everywhere," pray without ceasing, and to pray for "what things so ever ye desire." Make known unto God your many, your several wants. "Ask in faith, nothing doubting." God will grant whatever is best for you to have. It is belief that wins favor with God.

We have been of those who criticized the late Professor Henry Drummond's books. We thought they were unsound here and there, however ingenious, interesting and even beautiful. As yet we have found no occasion to change our views of portions of his essays or his books. Many people are better than their creeds. Many very sincere, godly, consecrated men and women have found Christ and lived very close to Him in unbroken fellowship and love who still held as true some doctrines repugnant to reason and were dishonoring to God. They did this sincerely, but ignorantly. Professor Drummond was a most sincere believer in the atonement of the Son of God, and his personal faith was better than his written view. At any rate, Dr. John Watson ("Ivan Maclaren") believed him to have been the most perfect Christian he ever knew. A better witness is that great evangelist, that most pious, useful, holy man of God—one of the saints of earth—Mr. D. L. Moody. He has paid such a sweet, noble tribute to Drummond that we feel like never writing a word more about his books. It is impossible to doubt Mr. Moody's testimony, for he had many opportunities for knowing Drummond, was close to him in personal fellowship and friendship, and knew him when a student at a Scotch university. So, with perfect knowledge of the eminent writer, he bears such testimony as but few men, we suppose, could draw from the godly evangelist. We make a quotation or two. Mr. Moody lately wrote this:

"As you read what he terms the analysis of love, you find that all its ingredients were interwoven in his daily life, making him one of the most lovable men I have ever known. Was it courtesy you looked for? He was a perfect gentleman. Was it kindness? He was always preferring another. Was it humanity? He was simple and not courting favor. It could be said of him truthfully, as it was said of the early Apostles, 'that men took knowledge of him, that he had been with Jesus.'"

"Nor was this love and kindness only shown to those who were his close friends. His face was an index to his inner life. It was genial and kind, and made him like his Master, a favorite with children. \* \* \* Never have I heard Henry Drummond utter one unkind or harsh word of criticism against any one. He was a man who was filled with love for his fellowmen, because he knew by experience something of the love of Christ."

Last Sunday we made a brief reference to the visit of the Rev. John Wesley to this country and his preaching in Savannah. He also preached at Charleston. The first Methodist sermon ever preached on this continent was preached by Mr. Wesley on 7th March, 1738. Rev. Dr. W. J. Scott, writing of it in "Ladies' Home Journal" for June, says that his "congregation hardly exceeded 400 persons, including children and adults, re-enforced, however, by 100 or more of the neighboring Indians. Wesley discussed in a most eloquent manner the principles of Christian charity, as argued by St. Paul in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. He made a powerful appeal, and many of his audience were in tears. While he was not so impetuous in his delivery as in after years, his abilities at that time bespoke the great preacher and reformer." We have abundant evidence to show that he was every whit as remarkable a preacher of the Word as was that great evangelist, George Whitefield, but of a very different type. He produced marvelous, instantaneous and permanent results. He was very superior to his eloquent coadjutor in learning, in directness of style, in logical power and in administrative ability. He was master of seven languages, a

man of marked Biblical learning, an admirable exegete, a powerful proclaimer of the Divine truth, lucid, simple, direct, earnest. Lecky, in his great work in eight octavos, "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," devotes some twelve or fourteen pages to the Methodist movement in that century. Skeptical or free thinker as he is, he pays to Methodism the highest eulogy to be found in literature outside of Methodist writers, even more flattering than that of the eloquent Macaulay. Of the sermon referred to (the first in this country) Dr. Scott gives an interesting account. He writes:

"If he was more scholastic in style than in after years, the fervor and force of his appeals were none the less felt by his hearers. Especially was this strikingly true when in the course of his discourse he adverted to the death of his father, who for forty or more years had been the incumbent of the Epworth rectory. This venerable man was asked not long before his death, 'Are the consolations of God small with you?' 'No, no, no,' he exclaimed, with uplifted hands, 'and then,' continued Wesley, 'calling all that were near him by their names the dying patriarch said: 'Think of heaven, talk of heaven; all time is lost when we are not thinking of heaven.' This was spoken by Wesley in a tremulous voice, and his new parishioners at Savannah were for the instant swept off their feet by a tidal wave of religious enthusiasm. Tradition has it that several Indians who were present became so greatly excited, not only by Mr. Wesley's impassioned oratory, though they did not understand a word he said—but by his gestures, that one old warrior nervously clutched his tomahawk, fearing an outbreak in the strangely-moved audience."

We are fortunate in having English photographs of the Epworth rectory, where his father, Rev. Samuel Wesley, so long time served with such zeal, and of the venerable rector and his noble, famous wife, Susannah. It is not to be passed by that when Rev. John Wesley was preaching in this country he had not yet found "the pearl of great price." He had been preaching some ten or twelve years, if our memory can be trusted here, when he found perfect peace and victory in believing at a little chapel in London. Then it was he first felt in his soul "that strange warming" of which he wrote. He was up to that time an ardent, able, learned, strictly devout professing Christian, but had never been born into the Kingdom and had the evidence of it by the witness of the Holy Spirit until he had essayed to preach the gospel for a decade or so. The eloquent and eminent Rev. Dr. Thomas Chalmers, a Scotch Presbyterian, said he preached some seven or eight years, as we recall it, before he was genuinely converted and saved. "Ye must be born again."

Remember that Rev. Dr. Hoss, an able editor, preacher and scholar, says that no gentleman will write an anonymous letter. Do not be a "moral bush-wacker." Put your name to what you write. Do not be ashamed of what you are doing or what you would like to say.

Winston Journal: Yesterday the engineering corps of the North Carolina Midland located a new line for the Mocksville road, beginning at the switch and extending beyond Davis' school, a distance of 400 feet. The change will not only straighten the road, but will be a big improvement in the matter of grade. The engineers will go down the line tomorrow with a view to making some improvements in the grade by making slight changes.

## THE TRUST ON TOP.

The American voters are watching the senate. They are not pleased at the scene. There is a disgust that widens and deepens with the days. The sugar trust is fully sustained in the senate by the republicans. Put a pin right there. The tax in its favor is increased. It will put \$10,000,000, say experts, into the pockets of the sugar robbers every year. The bill would be a dead failure as a revenue raiser, but for the shifting of the cards and change of front as to protection being the way to raise revenue. It is expected

## Suffered Most in Spring

Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla the Great Spring Medicine

Scrofulous Sore Leg for 25 Years.

All Spring Humors, sores, eruptions, boils, pimples, etc., are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the "king of medicines." Read these letters:

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs:—After suffering from a sore leg for 25 years, four bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla have made a complete cure. My leg would inflame as soon as dog days would come and continue to be sore until spring. Then the sores would heal a little and break out again. I tried doctors and every remedy I could hear of, but all failed. I then heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla and bought one bottle, and it helped me so much that I kept on until I took four bottles; am cured, in good health and weigh 160 lbs."

Mrs. M. J. HARTLEY, Lovett, Georgia.

No Sore, No Erysipelas.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"Dear Sirs:—I want to say once more, Hood's Sarsaparilla is all you claim for it. I haven't had any sore or erysipelas since I used Hood's Sarsaparilla several years ago and was cured by it. I trust many may be benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla as I have been. I recommend it highly as a blood medicine."

Mrs. M. J. HARTLEY, Lovett, Ga.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is sold by all druggists. Price \$1, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

ed now that the sugar tax will put \$10,000,000 in the treasury—all of which comes from the poor man's own luxury or necessity—his coffee and pie and cake sweetener. How will the voters receive this great gift at their pockets? Every attempt to raise revenue on other things of importance is met with opposition from favored interests. The New York Evening Post says of the republican tinkering:

"The great and only economic principle struck out by them thus far in this congress is that no taxes must be laid on any one unwilling to pay them. The beer tax would be an excellent revenue tax, but the brewers say they don't want to pay it, so out of the bill it goes. Similarly with the tax on tea and tobacco. Horrified senators have arisen to remark that constituents of theirs would have to pay these taxes; and so they are at once dropped with apologies. Burke said it was impossible to tax and to please, but he did not know our senators."

The maneuvering of Aldrich, the senate bill coacher, is amusing. He has changed front more than once, has twisted and wormed and showed how difficult the way was in which he was treading. He proclaimed a policy when he reported the bill, but he has been hedging and dodging ever since. What he said was purely Pickwickian—only that and nothing more.

## IN LOVE WITH WILMINGTON.

A Correspondent of the Charlotte Observer Writes of the Attractions of Our City and Seaside.

Mr. W. R. Terry, an old newspaper man of Rockingham, writes as follows to The Charlotte Observer under date of Wilmington, June 8th:

"Again I find myself in the city by the sea, the quaint and staid old seaport of North Carolina, where the winds never cease to blow and fresh fish and vegetables are plentiful and cheap. I like Wilmington; with all due respect for Charleston as well as the former as the 'chief city' of the seaport of the state, and although there may be none to 'boom' her, she'll get there all the same."

The population of Wilmington is about 25,000—several thousands more than Charlotte—and all, or nearly all, do not hold the same opinion as they do in the latter city, but a greater liberty of opinion is allowed. The 'color line' is not drawn here like it is in Charlotte, but men are rather judged according to their real merits. Republicans in this city, as a rule, are republicans from principle, whereas, as a rule, in Charlotte, the white republicans are renegade democrats, who are republicans for 'revenue only' and who know not care no more about the principles of the republican party than a dog does about the ten commandments. I like Wilmington; it is a city, and always expects to, until I cease to exist. It is certainly the most delightful summer, as well as winter, resort in the state, if not in the south. The winters are mild and the summers not exceedingly hot—the extremes of heat and cold being unknown here, while the hotel accommodations, both in the city and at the sounds on the beach, are certainly all that the most sensitive and exacting epicurean could wish. Large and cool rooms, with bills of fare that equal, if they do not excel, Delmonico's in variety and agreeableness to the palate. The principal hotel is The Orton, centrally located—opposite the postoffice—the porch being closed; but on Market street our old and established friend Bonitz, brother of the founder of The Messenger, continues to preside over the Bonitz House, and where good enough fare and lodging may be found to suit the most fastidious man, at low rates. With the long excursion, as well as the short country (\$2 from Charlotte to Wilmington and return—Saturday morning to Monday night), there is no excuse for people sweltering in the up-country when the cool salt water breezes are so quickly and easily accessible. Trains, if you wish, leave for the city and return from Wrightsville sound every few minutes, while the safe, comfortable and splendid steamer Wilmington, Captain J. W. Harper in command, will convey you to and return you from Carolina Beach and Southport, every day, and almost for a song. Besides, if you wish, there are many other ways you will find the 'belt line' of electric street cars all you could ask for—all around the city for a nickel, taking in Hilton park, and trips made every ten minutes. Come to Wilmington and cool off; take a run down to the sound or beach and plunge into the salt water; it cannot fail to do you good."

## ON THE SEA SHORE.

How Uncle Sam's Men Live While Doing His Work on the Seashore and What Sights They See.

Hotel de Harris, By the Sea, June 11.

Editors Messenger:

If the pleasure seeker should look through a list of the summer resorts he will not find this hotel mentioned. Really it is not a summer hotel for pleasure at all, and the general style or tout ensemble not specially grand or attractive. In the northwest it would be called a "shack," in the south a shanty and its guests are a party of employes of Uncle Sam, looking after certain public works, on Oak Island, in the immediate vicinity of Fort Caswell. By the way, I never could quite understand why people should be called guests of a hotel, if they are paying for their entertainment. Our hotel is not an airy or graceful structure, though it might claim some distinction in the former quality, from the fact that the atmosphere has free access through it in every direction. In this respect it greatly exceeds the myriads of the famous stinky man, who would put no glass in his windows, alleging that the shack would keep out the coardest of the cold.

Our shack, dignified by the ambitious title above, will in the same way keep out the coarsest of the weather, though it does not keep out the myriads of uninvited guests, in the shape of sand flies and mosquitoes, who keep us constant company. These persistent little tormentors can make an hour's quiet reading around the evening lamp a more lively and active performance than a day's work.

Within a stone's throw of our front door roll "the sad sea waves," singing a constant strain, though what the wild waves are saying I have never yet ascertained.

Some times they seem to say "come in and have a swim," an invitation we

are not slow in accepting, especially on hot afternoons. On our beach the ocean-girdled hills, with their gorgeous and costly array of bathing toggery of Cape May or Long Branch, is conspicuous by its absence, as most of the bathers disport themselves "in puris naturalibus" or something very near it.

The craft of our door pass all the craft going into or out of the Cape Fear river, while the big cotton dredge, popularly called the sand sucker, is constantly in sight. This staunch steamer is provided with large pipes, one on each side, which drag on the bottom. Through them powerful pumps suck up a torrent of water, sand and mud, and so keep the channel open and deepens it. When its bins are full, the vessel steams out to sea and dumps the sand into deep water and returns for another load.

The tugs and pilots, towing in or out the various schooners, barks and other craft, are a frequent sight and they often do a lively business. One of them lately acquired the reputation of doing a little filibustering on the sly, but with what truth I do not know.

Across the inlet the tall, white tower of Ball Head light house is a prominent object by day and its regular flash, every thirty seconds by night, tells them that Captain Dasher is faithful to his duty. Ships that pass in the night have a faithful friend in this beacon which warns them of the hidden dangers of Cape Fear.

The Oak Island life saving station is nearly as new, and are now enjoying their annual holiday. Captain Davis is at the station and his hardy crew are within call, should their services be needed. The wreck of a large bark still lies in plain view on the bar, a witness of the dangerous shoal and the work of the station men, who rescued its crew from certain death.

A pilot well acquainted with this bar pointed out the other day the remains of eight vessels which came ashore during the war, attempting to run the gauntlet of the blockading squadron. It is interesting to hear the personal reminiscences of a sailor, and of the old pilots, who had much active service during the war and the recollection of those lively times seem to stir their blood in telling of it. One of the oldest of them, now perhaps 75 years old, asserts that he is still able and ready to take the wheel and steer through a hostile fleet of ironclads.

Those were exciting times and the lucky ones made money rapidly. The risk was great, though many made trips with great regularity and without loss.

The only obstruction now is the bar, made visible by the great quantities of snow white breakers embracing the mouth of the river and several miles off shore. Through this the sand sucker keeps a constantly deepening channel and a vessel drawing about twenty-two feet can pass safely through.

The captain of a schooner remarked the other day that he regards the deepening of our channels and harbors as a misfortune, because it allows the big tramp steamers to come in and get the most of the carrying trade. The big fish generally manage to gobble up the small ones and it is about the same way in trade. The days of the sailing ship, as a freighter, seem to be numbered, for steam power is rapidly pushing them out of existence. Occasionally we see a big tramp steamer which will carry as much as half a dozen schooners. One of these I went aboard on Friday Pan Sh. Last January, she was finally pulled off by the Southport tug, after a growing overboard a large quantity of kail, which proved the bulk of her cargo. The empty bags of that which was thrown overboard still strew the beach, their contents having long been dissolved.

The turtle hunters are now getting in their work and the beach is rarely without one or more in search of the eggs. The great sea turtle comes out on the sand to deposit her eggs. She usually chooses the night time and selects a spot a little above high water mark. She scoops out a hole, about a foot and a half deep, into which she places her eggs, neatly packing the sand over the spot. The cunning creature appears to know that her broad trail may be followed and her nest despoiled, and to throw such enemies off the track she usually makes one or two false nests, near the real one. The eggs are spherical, about the size of a hen's egg, but instead of a hard shell they have a soft, tough covering, greatly resembling parchment. The yellow part of the egg is the edible part and may be prepared in many ways. The white part does not appear to be of albumen, as in other eggs, but a watery substance which will remain liquid, no matter how long they be boiled. Some times several hundred eggs are found in one nest and the lucky hunter often has to improvise a means of getting them home. It is not uncommon to hear of a hunter returning with his trousers filled like a bag, their lower extremities being tied with strings and the bifurcated bag, so made, astride of his shoulder.

To any one instructed in natural history the eggs are a very interesting New and curious forms of animal and plant life are constantly thrown up by the surf. Large schools of mullets and menhaden are frequently seen, and the porpoise is everywhere.

Some times a big shark will cruise along near the shore, his tail back fin cutting the water like a knife, and seeking what he may devour.

This would be a fine place for fishermen if they had a rapid means of transportation to the interior. When Southport becomes connected with the outside world, by railroad, the fishing and numerous other industries will flourish.

T. C. H.

Mr. Eustis' Candid Critic

James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, who is returning from France to practise law in New York, had an amusing experience about the time he left the senate, which he relates with much relish. He had received an invitation to deliver a political speech in an eastern state, and, having prepared the speech with some care, took his manuscript to a typewriting office to have a few copies made for the use of the press. When he called for the copies the manager of the office, whom he knew very well, congratulated him on the effort. "I'm glad you like it," replied the senator. "It's a little tart, you see, but it's to be delivered before a popular audience, and I want to make the boys feel good."

"I ought to be frank, senator," replied the manager, "and tell you that I haven't had time to read the speech myself, but I can testify to its qualities from the effect it had on the young woman who made the copies. She is an ardent republican, and was high in the clouds when she went through. When she finished she gave the machine a resounding thump, and, gathering up the sheets, said to herself, 'This is a string of pearls. I've never read in my life.' So, judging by the opposition, sir, you have scored heavily."

Mr. Eustis enjoyed the story greatly, and his compliments for the young woman and his regrets for having given her so annoying a half hour—New York Tribune.

**The Sea Shell**  
My love o'erflows with joy divine  
The ocean-girdled hills  
And with my breath each blowing pine  
And combining breaker fills:  
The shadows of my spirit move  
The far, blue coast along  
Where of wild beauty first I wove  
The rainbow woe of song:  
On these great beaches of the North  
My voices shoreward roll  
And when the blessed stars come forth  
All heaven is made my scroll.  
I take the wings of morn; I soar  
Above the ocean plain:  
From fountains of the sun I pour  
My passion's golden rain:  
And when black tempest heaven shrouds,  
On eastern thunders far,  
I show the rainbow in the clouds,  
And give the West her star.  
Soft blow the winds o'er fallen showers,  
And cool with fragrance, sleep  
Lies breathing through the chambered hours.  
I only wake and weep.

O mystic Love! that so can take  
The bright world in its hands,  
And its imprisoned spirits make  
Murmur at thy commands:  
As if, in truth, this orb of law  
Were but thy reed-hung nest,  
Woven by time of sticks and straw  
To house the summer guest:  
And so to me the starry sphere  
Is but Love's frail sea shell:  
Oh, might she press it to her ear,  
What would its murmur tell?  
G. E. Woodberry, in Atlantic Monthly.

## RED ROUGH HANDS

Itching, scaly, bleeding palms, chapped nails, and painful finger ends, pimples, blackheads, oily, mothy skin, dry, thin, and falling hair, itching, scaly scalp, all yield quickly to warm baths with CUTICURA Soap, and gentle anointing with CUTICURA Ointment, the great skin cure.

## Cuticura

Is sold throughout the world. POTTER DARGO AND CO., COR. SOLE FRONTS, BOSTON. "How to Produce Soft, White Hands," free.

ITCHING HUMORS Instantly relieved by CUTICURA REMEDY.



P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, Saves a Man From Becoming a Cripple.

Mr. Asa Ammons, a well-known citizen of Jacksonville, Fla., was afflicted by a terrible ulcer. Medical skill seemed unavailing in stopping the ravages of the terrible disease. The leg was swollen and intensely painful, as the ulcer had eaten its way down to the very bone. All medicines and treatments having failed to effect a cure, the doctors said the leg must come off. Just when it seemed that Mr. Ammons would become a disabled and a crippled man, he tried P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, and the result was wonderful.

P. P. P. SAVES HIS LEG.

"Jacksonville, Fla., July 1, 1895.—Two years ago I had the worst ulcer on my leg I ever saw. It had eaten down to the bone, and my whole leg below my knee, and my foot, was swollen and inflamed. The bone was swollen and painful, and discharged a most offensive matter. My physicians said I had necrosis of the bone, and my leg would have to come off. At this stage I commenced to take P. P. P. and to bathe my leg with hot castile soap suds. It began to improve at once and healed rapidly, and is to-day as sound and useful leg."

"I think P. P. P., Lippman's Great Remedy, is all a man could ask for as a blood purifier, as I have known it to cure so meretricious cases of blood poisoning in a remarkably short time."

"ASA AMMONS."

TERRIBLE BLOOD POISON.

The body covered with sores—two bottles of P. P. P. made a positive and permanent cure. This is only one of many thousands similar cases. Catarrh yields at once to P. P. P. That smothered feeling at night, that heavy feeling in the day—can and should be removed; P. P. P. will do it if you only give it a chance.

Indigestion and constipation go hand in hand. Headaches and total loss of appetite are the results. Regulate yourself and tone up your stomach with P. P. P.

Sold by all druggists.

For Sale by R. R. BELLAMY.

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**Pain-Killer.**  
(GREAT PAIN!)  
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Neural Complaint is  
**Pain-Killer.**  
This is a true statement and it can't be made stronger or too emphatic.  
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for  
Croup, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Colds, Neuralgia, Diarrhea, Croup, Toothache.  
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

J. C. STEVENSON & TAYLOR.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

**Sugars** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

**Flours** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

**Coffees** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

**Molasses and Syrups** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

**Kern Soap** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

**Our Policy** We have 1,000 barrels from Patent to Extra. We have learned to compete with the mills. Send for prices. Our stock is kept just but complete in the assortment. We have every variety the market does, therefore we are offering bargains. Send for samples.

J. C. STEVENSON & TAYLOR.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

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